



Views of St. Augustine's Mission Seminary near Bonn, Germany.

Thrills of Travel

by Very Rev.

Albert van Gansewinkel

S.V.D.

ROME — Varona, 10 hours by train "Diretissimo". At first there were few passengers, and I had plenty of time to ponder on what seemed to be a greeting and everybody's comment "Fa freddo!" It was cold indeed, and we felt it. "Fa freddo"—that's all what is left of the Latin "Facit Frigidum", and that is not classical, either. But the Italians, all born actors and actresses, say it with grace, and with a melodious cadence, as if to compensate for the letters dropped.

After some time a young lady took her seat in our compartment. In a portfolio she carried a big book, from under her sleeves she pulled a few strips of paper full of scribbled notes. The big book and the small notes kept her busy for a while, till another young lady entered. My curiosity had been aroused already, but their conversation aroused it more; they talked excitedly about Rousseau, Pestalozzi, their filosofia di educazione—well, that's my field, I couldn't resist any longer, in spite of my badly battered Italian I joined their conversation. It became rather amusing, they spoke an immaculate language and tried to understand my italicized Spanish. They told me they were young teachers, candidates for employment in a Government school; they were going to Brescia for a competitive test. I wish them

good luck, indeed, but I was afraid they should have used more the big book and rely less in the little notes under their sleeves. . .

By five o'clock we reached the Italian Riviera. As in former years I admired the artful artlessness of Italian villages, cozy houses in a truly spectacular setting of the For-Alps. In the Casa Missionaria del Verbo Divino I was heartily welcomed by confreres who did their very best to make me feel warm in the winter-cold building. Till eleven o'clock we sat together and still they were not tired listening to what I had to tell them about the Philippines and Cebu. The following morning I showed my color slides of San Carlos to a hundred Italian missionaries-to-be. I had to make use of an interpreter, yet they were lost in admiration for more than an hour. In the afternoon I proceeded by bus to the famous lake of Garda; the truly fascinating panoramas belong to nature's most beautiful ones in the whole world. To meet, and stay with, Fr. Hetteger who had spent in the Philippines the best years of his life, was my intention—and my delight. Was

he glad! If he were not sick, he would come back to the Philippines. The following morning I started out again for a day's journey via Milan to Fribourg near Bern, the capital of Switzerland. Early in the morning it snowed. Not having seen snow for 25 years, I enjoyed the feel of the soft and cool flakes on face and hands, but later the bus came to a place where the hard-frozen snow was blocking the road, and soon I realized that I would miss the train in Milan. That spoilt much of the fun. Fortunately, a few hours later, another train left for Bern, and late at night I reached the day's goal, the Anthropos Institute of the SVD. A simple countryhouse, in a snow-covered plane of fields and meadows, that is the renowned center of anthropological and ethnological research. The Director, a close friend since student days, had sent me a special invitation to drop in; the Wiedersehen was heartlifting; he showed me around, opened doors and drawers, cabinets and files, and I was all eye and ear, admiration, inspiration, joy—over our confreres' great contribution to Faith and Science, and they in turn all the while kept on asking about the Philippines for their information and encouragement. I had the great honor to greet the Nestor of Ethnology, the Founder of the Anthropos—I met him at his desk in the library, a venerable man of 85, still

(Continued on page 8)

Nail It Down

By Nestorius Moresko

Where's that hammer! I want to knock some soluble sense into your heads. Don't blame this hombre for being a too nossey-mosey sort of a gringo. But here's something interesting for the studs of this univ. Just stomp your decaying teeth into this column and we will keep things humming. Brace yourselves. . .

The Fr. Rector saunters into the Carolinian office (where's that place?) and solemnly says, "Boys, no political cackling. That's one. Don't use too many slangy phrases and statements. That's two. The studs have to scurry and scratch for the nearest dictionary whenever they manage to peep into your columns." That's on the level.

Yep, I really have a very poor estimation, if you pardon my English. I saw a curtain... no-no... certain cute piece of property. She was sportin' a plume... er-er... a pony's tail. My attention was caught by the way she wore her upp dress done in sequins and lace. Her batterin' skirt flew like the esteros in Manila and her shoes were a dreamy Open-Mandaw bridge creation. Her long dark tresses were fluttering like wings of a sparrow, hopefully trying to catch the dying golden rays of the colossal sunset, sinking solemnly to end the life of a glorious day. Atta Boy! She even look extra pains to punctuate her face with periods to make it look like a sanctuary of the eloquent moles. She really appeared to be rich, healthy, and well. Rouge, lipstick, chalk, eyebrow liner, sandpaper were very much in evidence. My ugly pass dropped to my boots when she entered a barong-barong. She was a s-q-u-a-r-t-e-r. Meow-meow. Barranco, baranco, barong-co!

Still crazy about the Barranco mamba, eh? Want to get acquainted with it? Here's the pitch: Get set. Hands like a boy scout doing semaphore signalling. Fundamentals. Take a 100-meter dash. Stop. Crawl 50 yards more. Take a high jump and jactate 5 times. How's your joints? Another fundamental. A skip-hep-jump routine. Snares, not swears, 14 times. Lie flat on your back. Roll to

(Continued on page 10)

Thrills of Travel

(Continued from page 5)

studying and writing the whole day long. In the evening he honored me with his presence at my slide-lecture, and I appreciated deeply his hearty applause. I should have liked to spend a few more days with these ascetics of scientific research, but a pre-arranged schedule urged me to proceed further North, where "those at home" were waiting impatiently. A journey of twelve hours brought me from Bern to Bonn, West Germany's Capital. When crossing the border I saluted my fatherland with a prayer for all those who had died, and for those who had done wrong to the world. When in 1934 I bade farewell to European shores, heavy clouds hung over them, and a co-passenger sighed, "Clouds over Europe!" Yes, these clouds had developed into a devastating thunderstorm, and now—how was Germany now? Heavy fog deprived me of the pleasure of seeing anything worthwhile, but as the train was rolling on, my thoughts travelled ahead, always pivoting around one question: my home, my folks, and friends, how would I find them? At times the train was crowded, but people disturbed me little in my reverie; they hardly spoke to one another, as if they were used to carry their worries alone and would not share their joys, either. One lady made an exception. My foreign-made suitcase and Philippine-Air-Line-travelling-bag caught her attention and stirred her curiosity.

The information I gave her netted me an apple as a token of "welcome and hospitality in a homeland that rose from the dead." Stopping a while at the big city of Mannheim I was frightened by the sight of death and destruction; large districts lay still in ruins; war had been wild. At my arrival in Bonn, Fr. Jung, our Mission-Procuretor, was waiting for me. With searching eyes we took in one another's appearance and experience of the 20 years that lay between our last handshake and this thrilling moment. We had been friends and still were. It was already dark; of Bonn I could not see much. Soon the car stopped in front of the Mission-Seminary of St. Augustine, which had been my Alma Mater in 1925 and 1926. The gigantic 600-room building, which in part we students had built with unskilled, though diligent, hands had been greatly damaged in the war but had been fully repaired. As we entered the huge parlor, the old porter of former years greeted, remembering my name, a classmate grasped my hand in a cordial shake, the Father Provincial, and the Father Provincial, and many other friends of old, former professors or schoolmates,—all men matured in service and suffering—their eyes spoke and their mouths, asking more questions than I could answer; the emotions were strong, the joy deep; brothers, co-officers in the army of Christ.

Public Opinion

(Continued from page 7)

casual demagogue who claims to represent the popular will that he himself has created by using techniques ranging from simple deception to the more robust forms of vote-getting.

What about the expressions of sentiment which crystallize in public meeting, and in the claims of countless political, economic, religious, racial, and welfare associations? Such associations have great importance in the development of public opinion, for they arouse attention, excite discussion, formulate principles, submit plans, embolden and stimulate their members, and produce that impression of a spreading movement towards the upholding of right principles with a sympathetic and sensitive people.

Yet as we well know, this ability to produce the impression of a spreading movement, has its dangers, for there is such a thing as an artificial and illicit opinion. The art of propaganda has been much perfected in our times. And it has attained a development which enables its practitioners to skillfully and sedulously apply false or one-sided statements of facts to beguile and mislead those who have not the means or the time to ascertain the facts for themselves. The twentieth century is the age of the expert who knows how to build a private interest with public support and to the prejudice of the common good.

Our rights and liberties must be secured by eternal vigilance!